THE TEAM OF THE FUTURE IS HERE NOW!

CENTURIONS

POWER XTREME

TM

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FIRST OF FOUR ISSUES

BY ROZAKIS, HECK AND VEY

THREE MEN -- THE BEST OF THE BEST -- UNITED WITH THE ULTIMATE IN TECHNOLOGICAL WEAPONS SYSTEMS --
CENTURIONS
POWER XTREME
NORTHERN ALASKA... DOC TERROR'S DOOM-DROMES INVADE AN ESKIMO VILLAGE SEEKING NEW "RECRUITS" FOR THE EVIL VILLAIN'S CYBORG CONVERSIONS. BUT ALL IS FAR FROM HOPELESS -- THERE TO PROTECT THE INNOCENTS ARE THE MEN ENDOWED WITH POWER XTREME!
MAX RAY LEADER, SEA OPERATIONS
ACE Mc CLOUD LEADER, AIR OPERATIONS
JAKE ROCKWELL LEADER, LAND OPERATIONS
FOR A GENIUS, DOC TERROR SURE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO BUILD INDESTRUCTIBLE FIGHTERS, DOES HE, GUYS? WE'RE BLASTING THESE THINGS TO SMITHEREENS!
G-2910
TIME BOMB
BOB ROZAKIS - WRITER
DON HECK & AL VEY - ARTISTS
CHUCKIE ROZAKIS - SPECIAL CONSULTANT
AGUSTIN MAS - LETTERER
TOM ZIUKO - COLORIST
JONATHAN PETERSON - EDITOR

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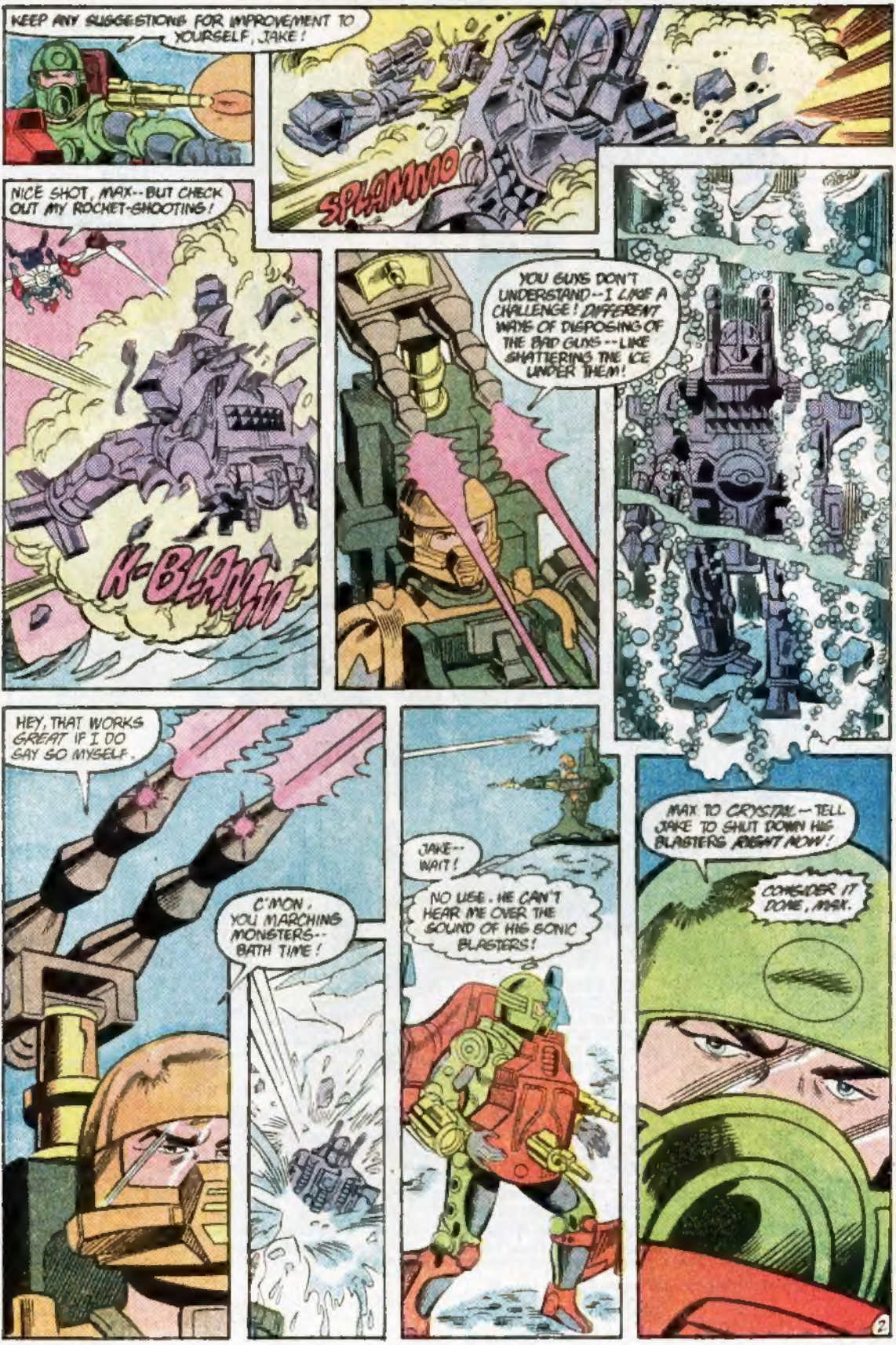
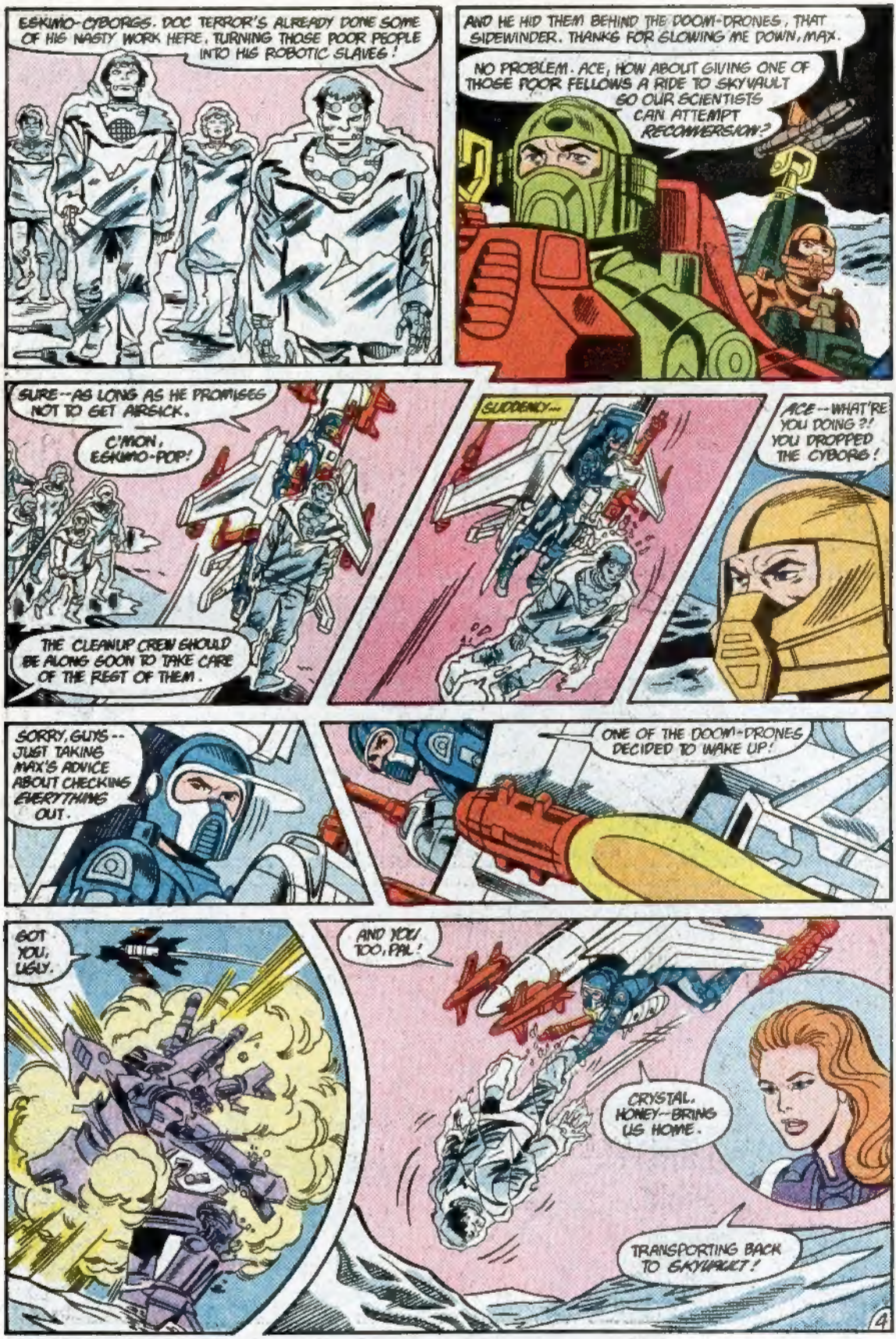

KEEP ANY SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVEMENT TO YOURSELF, JAKE!
SPLAMMO
NICE SHOT, MAX--BUT CHECK OUT MY ROCKET-SHOOTING!
K-BLAM-M-M
YOU GUYS DON'T UNDERSTAND--I LIKE A CHALLENGE! DIFFERENT WAYS OF DISPOSING OF THE BAD GUYS--LIKE SHATTERING THE ICE UNDER THEM!
HEY, THAT WORKS GREAT IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF.
C'MON, YOU MARCHING MONSTERS--BATH TIME!
JAKE--WAIT!
NO USE. HE CAN'T HEAR ME OVER THE SOUND OF HIS SONIC BLASTERS!
MAX TO CRYSTAL--TELL JAKE TO SHUT DOWN HIS BLASTERS RIGHT NOW!
CONSIDER IT DONE, MAX.
2

JAKE-- HALT OPERATIONS. REPEAT: HALT OPERATIONS!
NO USE, MAX. HE'S NOT HEARING ME EITHER.
I HATE WHEN HE GOES INTO THAT FIGHTING FRENZY OF HIS. NOW I'VE GOT TO COOL HIM DOWN MY OWN WAY!
KRABOOM
WHAT'S THIS? A COUNTERATTACK FROM BEHIND?
SPLASHHH
MAX?! ARE YOU CRAZY-- FREEZING ME INTO A BLOCK OF ICE?
IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO SLOW YOU DOWN--YES!
WHAT'S THE BEEF? WASN'T I LEAVING ENOUGH DOOM-DRONES FOR YOU TO PLAY WITH?
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, YOU CAN FIGHT ALL OF DOC TERROR'S ARSENAL! BUT THERE'S A POINT WHEN YOU'VE GOT TO STOP AND ANALYZE.
TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT YOU WERE ABOUT TO SEND TO AN ICY DROWNING.

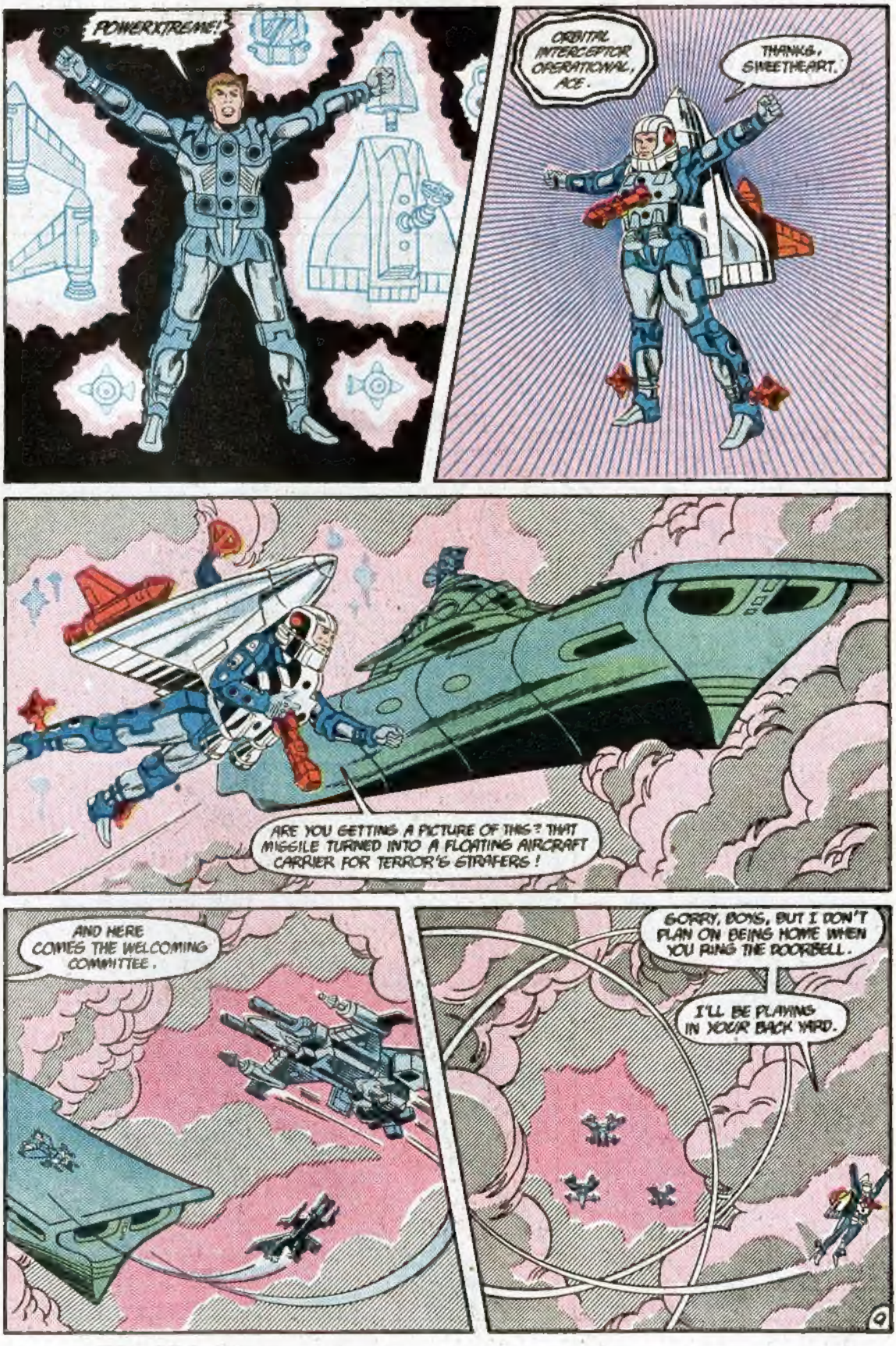

ESKIMO-CYBORGS. DOC TERROR'S ALREADY DONE SOME OF HIS NASTY WORK HERE, TURNING THOSE POOR PEOPLE INTO HIS ROBOTIC SLAVES!
AND HE HID THEM BEHIND THE DOOM-DRONES, THAT SIDEWINDER. THANKS FOR SLOWING ME DOWN, MAX.
NO PROBLEM. ACE, HOW ABOUT GIVING ONE OF THOSE POOR FELLOWS A RIDE TO SKYVAULT SO OUR SCIENTISTS CAN ATTEMPT RECONVERSION?
SURE--AS LONG AS HE PROMISES NOT TO GET AIRSICK.
C'MON, ESKIMO-POP!
THE CLEANUP CREW SHOULD BE ALONG SOON TO TAKE CARE OF THE REST OF THEM.
SUDDENLY...
ACE--WHAT'RE YOU DOING?! YOU DROPPED THE CYBORG!
SORRY, GUYS--JUST TAKING MAX'S ADVICE ABOUT CHECKING EVERYTHING OUT.
ONE OF THE DOOM-DRONES DECIDED TO WAKE UP!
GOT YOU, UGLY.
AND YOU TOO, PAL!
CRYSTAL, HONEY--BRING US HOME.
TRANSPORTING BACK TO SKYVAULT!
4

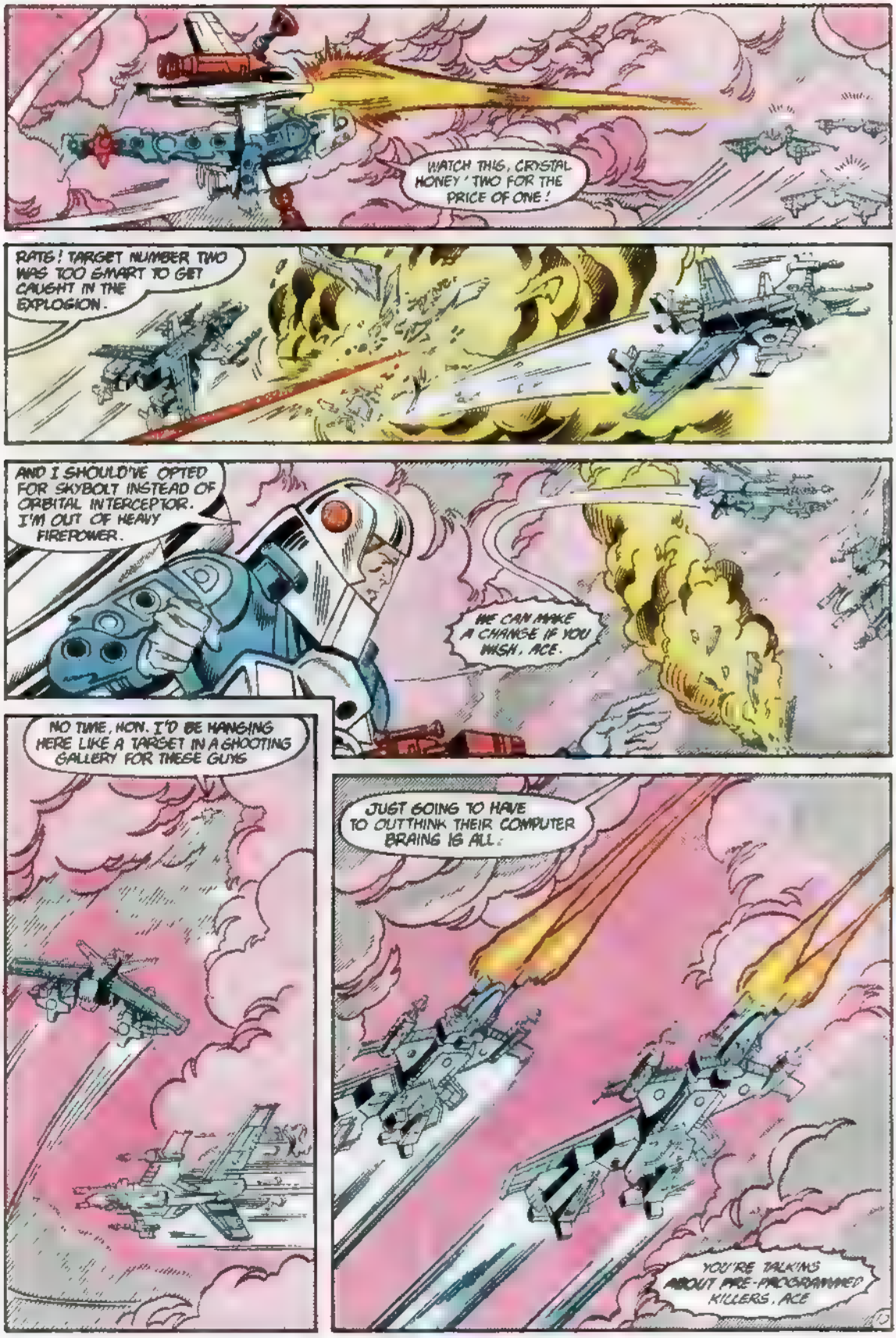
SOON, IN THE ORBITING LABORATORY THAT SERVES AS A BASE FOR THE CENTURIONS...
COME ON, HONEY. HOW ABOUT A KISS FOR THE CONQUERING HERO?
NOT RIGHT NOW, ACE.
OH, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT.
IS THAT ANY WAY TO TREAT THE MAN WHO LOVES YOU, WHO'D LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR YOU?
BUT YOU HAVE TO CLOSE YOUR EYES.
ANYTHING FOR YOU, SWEETNESS.
KISS
WOW! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A--
YARRGGH!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HOW'S THE EXAMINATION OF THE ESKIMO-CYBORG GOING, CRYSTAL?
SAME AS ALWAYS... SLOW AND TEDIOUS. ONE MISTAKE...
...AND WE LOSE THE PATIENT. I KNOW. BUT IF ANYBODY CAN DO IT--
I APPRECIATE THE VOTE OF CONFIDENCE, MAX.
SO WHAT'S IT LIKE, KISSING AN ORANGUTAN, ACE? PROBABLY BETTER THAN SOME OF THE WOMEN I'VE SEEN YOU WITH.
5

LOOK WHO'S TALKING-- THE MAN WHO DATES REJECTS FROM THE MISS UGLY PAGEANT!
FACE IT, ROMEO. CRYSTAL JUST ISN'T INTERESTED IN YOU.
I CAN GET ANY WOMAN I WANT, JAKE. AND THE WOMAN I WANT IS CRYSTAL KANE.
SURE. AND IF YOU DON'T GET HER, YOU COULD PROBABLY GIVE LUCY A BUNCH OF BANANAS AND SHE'D MARRY YOU!
SURE WISH WE COULD INVADE DOC TERROR'S HEADQUARTERS AND GET THE DATA WE NEED FIRSTHAND.
AS LONG AS THE WORLD COUNCIL AGREES THAT HIS ARCTIC BASE IS AN INDEPENDENT NATION, OUR HANDS ARE TIED.
BUT IT'S INSANE! A CRIMINAL MADMAN PUBLICLY VOWS TO DESTROY CIVILIZATION AND WE'RE HELPLESS TO STOP HIM.
WREEP WHEEP WREEP
NOT COMPLETELY HELPLESS--
OH-OH. BAD NEWS! BACK TO THE CONTROL ROOM.
YOU GUYS NEED MORE EXERCISE. I'D LIKE SOME COMPETITION IN THESE RACES.
SOON...
GREETINGS, MY FUTURE SLAVES. I, DOC TERROR, DEMAND THAT YOU SURRENDER TO ME IMMEDIATELY--
HEY, IS THIS A REPLAY? I'VE HEARD ALL THIS BEFORE.
QUIET, JAKE.
6

UNLESS THE WORLD COUNCIL AGREES TO MY DEMANDS IN ONE HOUR, I WILL UNLEASH AN ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE WHICH WILL WIPE OUT ALL THE COMPUTERS ON EARTH, THEREBY DESTROYING YOUR PRECIOUS CIVILIZATION.
MY MISTAKE. IT'S A NEW PLOT, BUT WITH THE SAME OLD ENDING.
JUST ONCE I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT SLIMY--
YOU HAVE ONE HOUR.
CORRECTION: YOU HAVE FIFTY-NINE MINUTES AND EIGHTEEN SECONDS. THE CHOICE IS YOURS.
A PULSE THAT GREAT WOULD REQUIRE AN ENORMOUS NUCLEAR EXPLOSION.
COULD TERROR DO THAT?
WHAT AM I SAYING? OF COURSE HE COULD... AND WOULD!
UNLESS YOU THREE STOP HIM.
LOOK AT THE MONITORS. HE'S JUST LAUNCHED THREE MISSILES FROM HIS BASE.
WELL, WE KNOW HE WASN'T KIDDING.
THEY'RE HEADING IN THREE DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS. CAN WE TRACK THEM ALL, CRYSTAL?
TRACKING THEM IS A SNAP, MAX. IF ONLY WE COULD STOP THEM AS EASILY.
7

MISSILE NUMBER ONE ESTABLISHING LOW ORBIT OVER CHINA.
MISSILE NUMBER TWO SPLASHING DOWN IN LAKE MICHIGAN.
MISSILE NUMBER THREE LANDING IN BOTSWANA.
IT'S INCREDIBLE HOW FAST HE GETS THOSE BABIES TO MOVE.
ALMOST AS FAST AS YOU MOVING ON A PRETTY WOMAN, ACE.
OUR WORK'S CUT OUT FOR US, GUYS. NEXT STOP FOR ME, MURKY LAKE MICHIGAN.
AND, MOMENTS LATER IN THE TRANSPORTER CHAMBER...
GOOD LUCK, CENTURIONS.
NEXT STOP, CHINA. BUT DON'T WORRY, CRYSTAL HONEY--I'LL BE BACK... FOR A REAL KISS NEXT TIME!

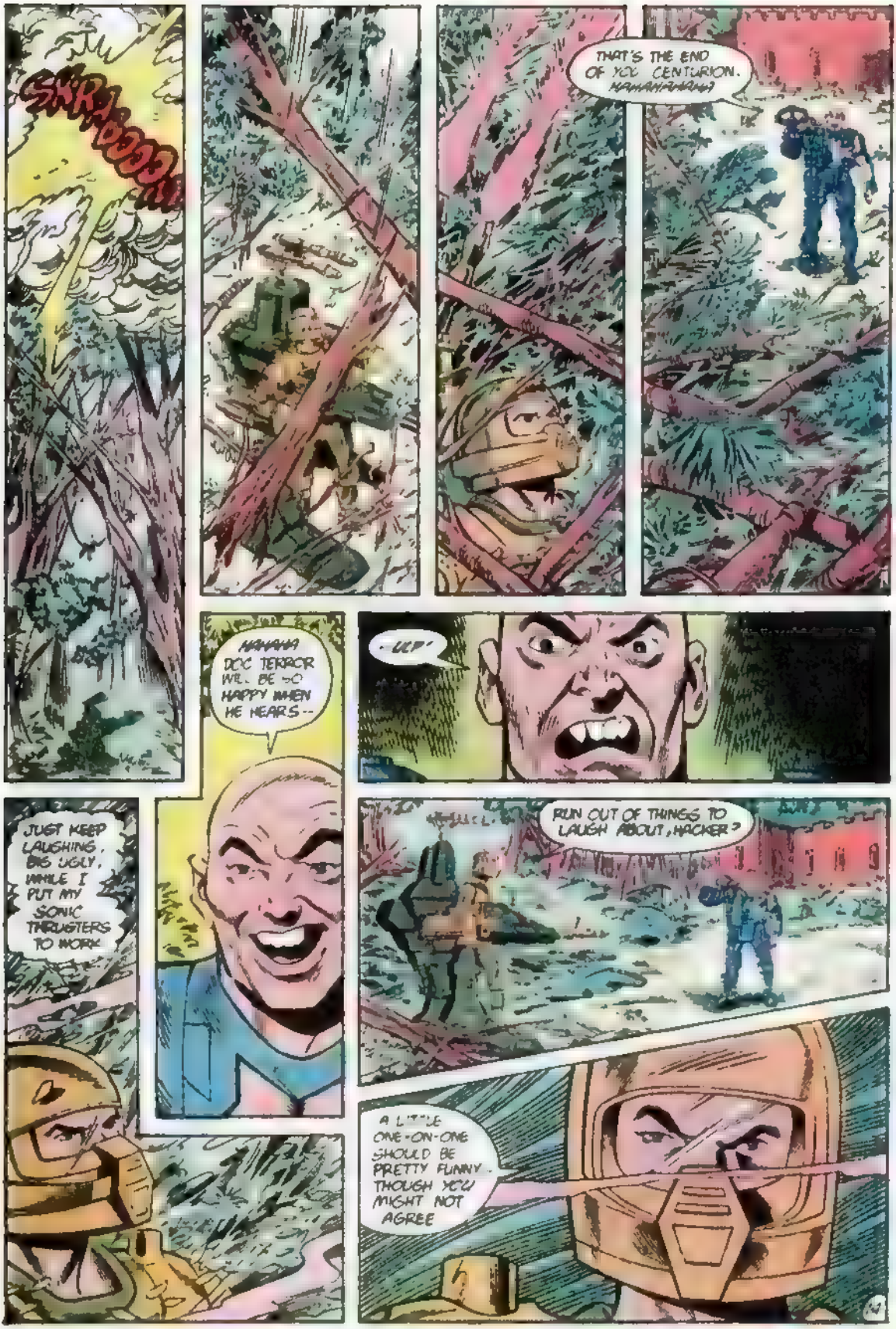

POWERXTREME!
ORBITAL INTERCEPTOR OPERATIONAL, ACE.
THANKS, SWEETHEART.
ARE YOU GETTING A PICTURE OF THIS? THAT MISSILE TURNED INTO A FLOATING AIRCRAFT CARRIER FOR TERROR'S STRAFERS!
AND HERE COMES THE WELCOMING COMMITTEE.
SORRY, BOYS, BUT I DON'T PLAN ON BEING HOME WHEN YOU RING THE DOORBELL.
I'LL BE PLAYING IN YOUR BACK YARD.


WATCH THIS, CRYSTAL HONEY ! TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE !
RATS ! TARGET NUMBER TWO WAS TOO SMART TO GET CAUGHT IN THE EXPLOSION .
AND I SHOULD'VE OPTED FOR SKYBOLT INSTEAD OF ORBITAL INTERCEPTOR. I'M OUT OF HEAVY FIREPOWER .
WE CAN MAKE A CHANGE IF YOU WISH, ACE.
NO TIME, HON. I'D BE HANGING HERE LIKE A TARGET IN A SHOOTING GALLERY FOR THESE GUYS
JUST GOING TO HAVE TO OUTTHINK THEIR COMPUTER BRAINS IS ALL .
YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT PRE-PROGRAMMED KILLERS, ACE
10

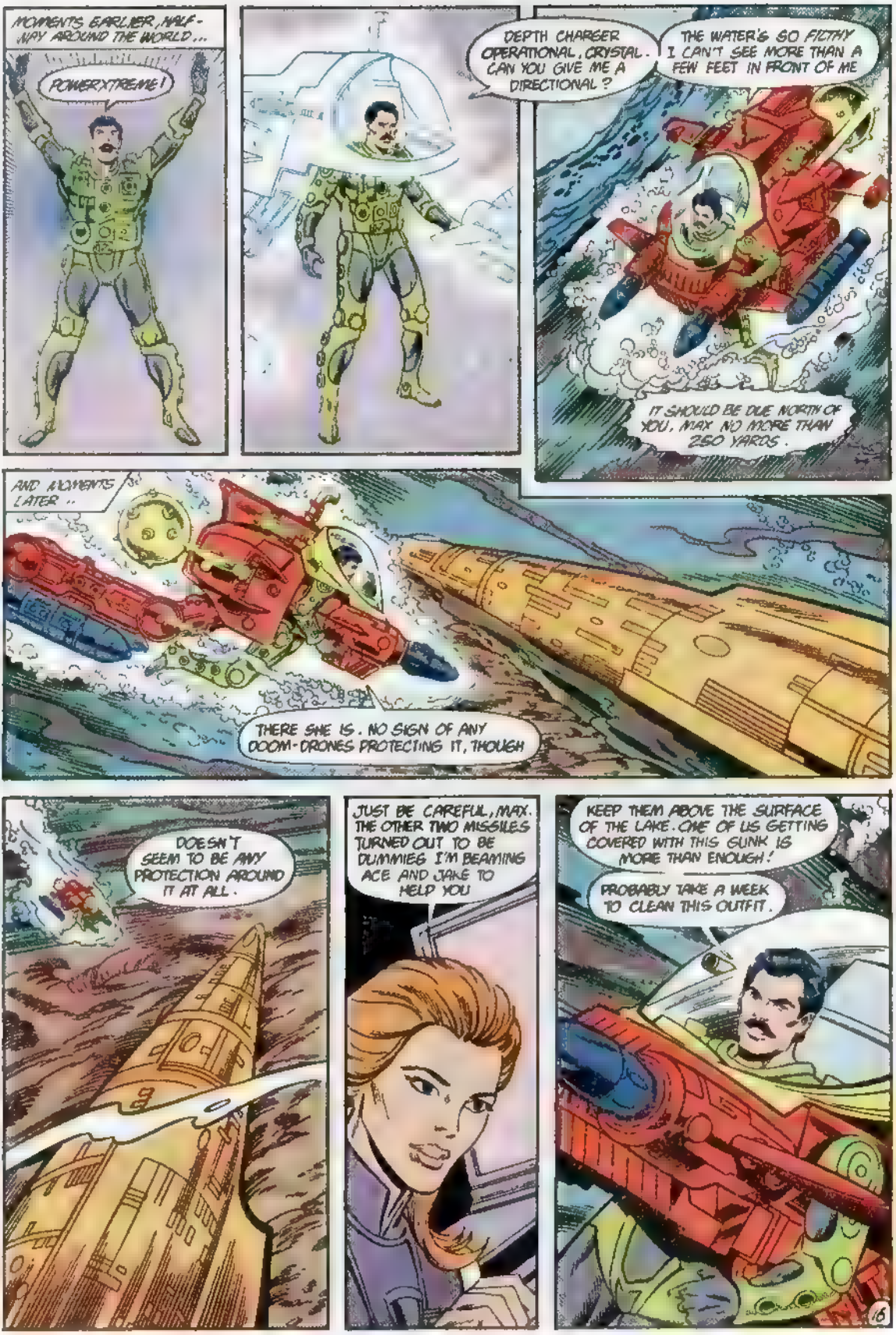
THAT'S EXACTLY THE POINT SWEETS THEY CAN'T CHANGE THEIR MINDS--
--BUT I CAN
COME ON YOU FLYING BOMBS! LET'S SEE YOU CHASE ME DOWN
ACE, FROM WHERE I'M SITTING, YOU ARE IN DEEP TROUBLE I'M BRINGING YOU BACK TO SKYVAULT
DON'T TOUCH THAT BUTTON, DARLING! I'M HANDLING THIS--
LIKE SO!
SEE? THOSE STRAFERS AREN'T PROGRAMMED TO STAY OUT OF EACH OTHER'S LINE OF FIRE
STRAFERS OUT OF ACTION... PERMANENTLY! TIME TO SEE WHO'S RUNNING THAT SHIP.

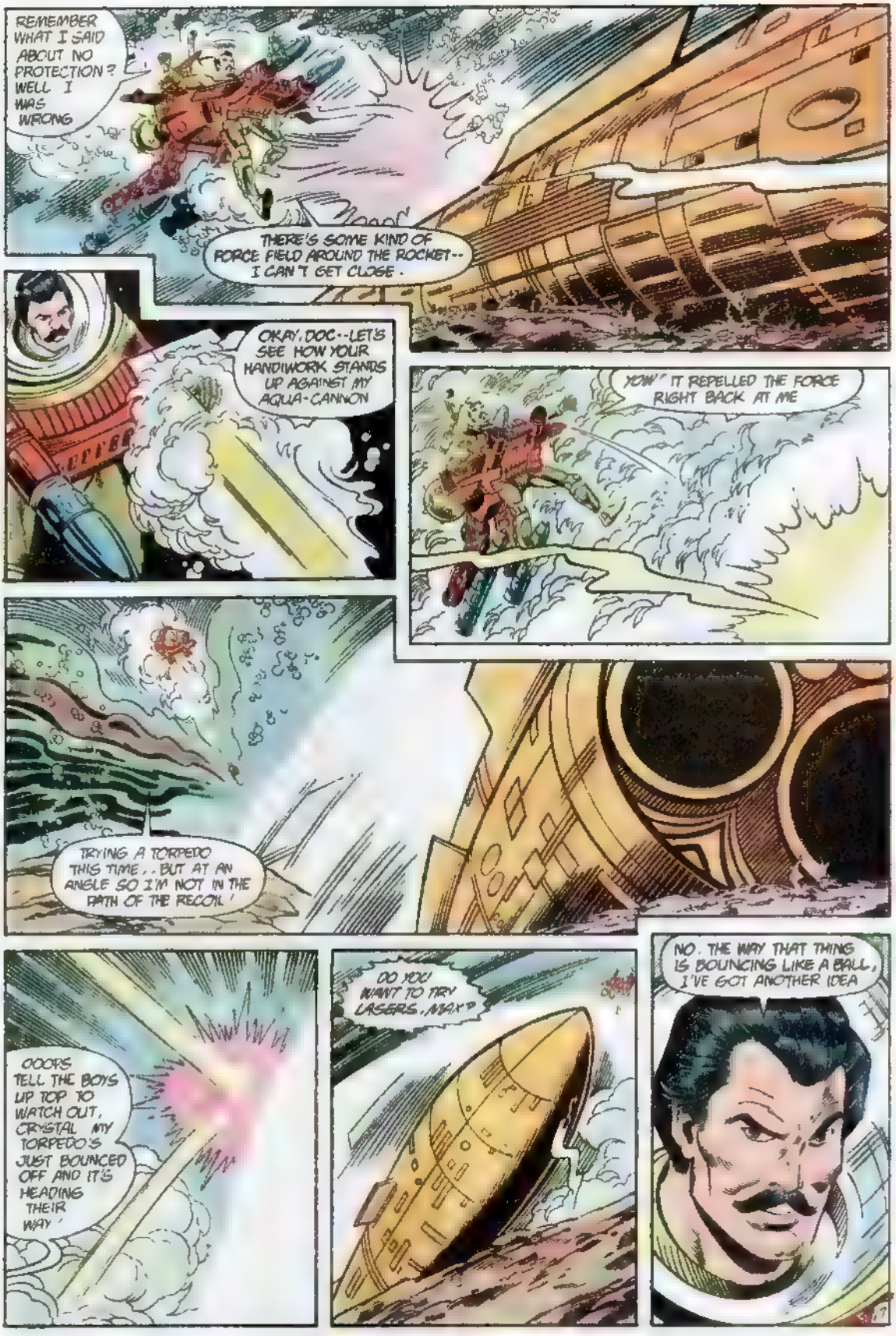
MEANWHILE, IN AFRICA...
POWERXTREME!
NOOKWAS UP WITH HORNET.
I COULD'VE USED A LIFT FROM ACE ON THIS JOB, BUT MY CHOPPER BLADE WILL HELP ME ALONG.
HEY, CRYS - I'VE GOT THE MISSILE SIGHTED. BUT IT'S CONVERTED INTO SOME KIND OF FORT.
LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S HOME. THE DOOR'S OPENING
BE CAREFUL, JAKE
WHATTAYA KNOW. IT'S DOC TERROR'S NUMBER ONE SIDEKICK-- HACKER!
GREETINGS, CENTURION. MY MASTER WILL BE HAPPY TO KNOW YOU HAVE ARRIVED
PLEASE, COME DOWN
BLAMMM
CRYS-- HACKER'S BLASTED MY CHOPPER! SWITCH TO DETONATOR!
12

WE'RE TALKING RIGHT NOW CRYS!
TELEPORTING DETONATOR, JAKE.
POWERXTREME!
OOMPH ROUGH LANDING BUT BETTER THAN IT WOULD HAVE BEEN WEARING HORNET
AND NOW, BIG UGLY I'M COMING TO GET YOU AND YOUR MASTER
MAHAHAHAHAHA YOU CAN ONLY TRY, CENTURION


SKRAAOOOM
THAT'S THE END OF YOU CENTURION. HAHAHAHAHA!
HAHAHA DOC TERROR WILL BE SO HAPPY WHEN HE HEARS--
-UP'
JUST KEEP LAUGHING, BIG UGLY, WHILE I PUT MY SONIC THRUSTERS TO WORK
RUN OUT OF THINGS TO LAUGH ABOUT, HACKER?
A LITTLE ONE-ON-ONE SHOULD BE PRETTY FUNNY - THOUGH YOU MIGHT NOT AGREE

YOU JUST GIVE ME MORE TIME TO ENJOY DESTROYING YOU!
YOU'VE GOT TO TRY HARDER THAN THAT, HACKER. DOC TERROR'S NOT GOING TO GIVE YOU AN "A" FOR THAT EFFORT!
TWANG
BUT BEFORE YOU TRY AGAIN, IT'S MY TURN!
BLAM!
DID YOU SEE THAT, CRYS? I BLASTED HACKER TO BITS!
WAIT A MINUTE! THAT WASN'T THE REAL HACKER-- JUST A ROBOT BUILT TO LOOK LIKE HIM!
MATTER OF FACT, THIS WHOLE PLACE IS A FAKE! THERE'S NOTHING HERE BUT THE SHELL OF A ROCKET
HANG ON. I'M GOING TO TRANSPORT BOTH OF YOU TO LAKE MICHIGAN TO HELP MAX. HIS MISSILE MUST BE THE REAL THREAT!
I JUST GOT A SIMILAR REPORT FROM ACE. THE MISSILE HOVERING OVER CHINA WAS A PHONY, TOO!
15


MOMENTS EARLIER, HALF-WAY AROUND THE WORLD...
POWERXTREME!
DEPTH CHARGER OPERATIONAL, CRYSTAL. CAN YOU GIVE ME A DIRECTIONAL?
THE WATER'S SO FILTHY I CAN'T SEE MORE THAN A FEW FEET IN FRONT OF ME
IT SHOULD BE DUE NORTH OF YOU, MAX. NO MORE THAN 250 YARDS.
AND MOMENTS LATER...
THERE SHE IS. NO SIGN OF ANY DOOM-DRONES PROTECTING IT, THOUGH
DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY PROTECTION AROUND IT AT ALL.
JUST BE CAREFUL, MAX. THE OTHER TWO MISSILES TURNED OUT TO BE DUMMIES. I'M BEAMING ACE AND JAKE TO HELP YOU
KEEP THEM ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE LAKE. ONE OF US GETTING COVERED WITH THIS GUNK IS MORE THAN ENOUGH!
PROBABLY TAKE A WEEK TO CLEAN THIS OUTFIT.
6

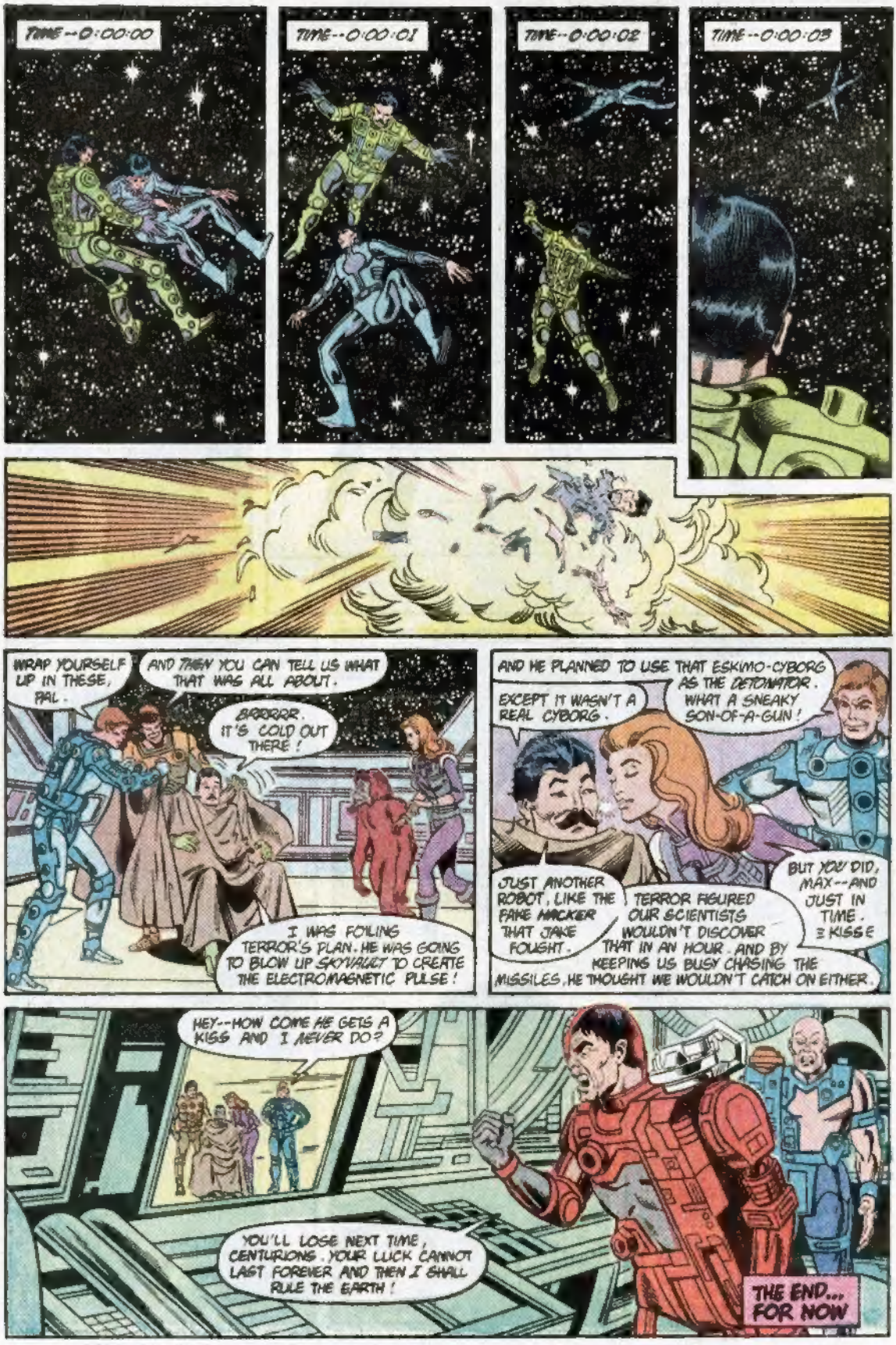

REMEMBER WHAT I SAID ABOUT NO PROTECTION? WELL I WAS WRONG
THERE'S SOME KIND OF FORCE FIELD AROUND THE ROCKET-- I CAN'T GET CLOSE.
OKAY, DOC--LET'S SEE HOW YOUR HANDIWORK STANDS UP AGAINST MY AQUA-CANNON
YOW! IT REPELLED THE FORCE RIGHT BACK AT ME
TRYING A TORPEDO THIS TIME..BUT AT AN ANGLE SO I'M NOT IN THE PATH OF THE RECOIL!
OOOPS TELL THE BOYS UP TOP TO WATCH OUT, CRYSTAL MY TORPEDO'S JUST BOUNCED OFF AND IT'S HEADING THEIR WAY!
DO YOU WANT TO TRY LASERS, MAX?
SKIM SKIM
NO. THE WAY THAT THING IS BOUNCING LIKE A BALL, I'VE GOT ANOTHER IDEA
17

CRISTAL--ARE THE GUYS ABOVE ME?
IN POSITION THREE FEET ABOVE WATER LEVEL MAX
PERFECT. TELL THEM TO GET READY I'M GOING DOWN UNDER THE ROCKET...
TO PLANT A DEEP-SEA MINE IN THE MUD UNDER THE ROCKET.
MAX--YOU COULD BE KILLED DOING THIS
AND IF I DON'T DO IT, THE WHOLE WORLD MAY DIE TAKING RISKS IS WHAT I GET PAID FOR
YOU'RE STARTING TO SOUND LIKE ACE
OHH. NOW THERE'S A SCARY THOUGHT
I'M SETTING DETONATION FOR FIFTEEN SECONDS
..FIVE.. FOUR..THREE.. TWO..ONE...
18

SHWA-BOOOOM
HERE GOES I'M HEADING DOWN UNDER THE ROCKET!
BUT MAX--HOW ARE YOU ABLE TO DO IT? WHAT ABOUT THE FORCE FIELD?
IT DIDN'T GO ALL THE WAY AROUND THE ROCKET IF IT HAD THE THING WOULD HAVE BEEN FLOATING INSIDE THE FIELD RATHER THAN LYING IN THE MUD.
NOW--HERE GOES PHASE TWO I'M DIRECTING ALL MY POWER THRUSTERS AT THE LAKE FLOOR
THE FORCE SHOULD START LIFTING THE MISSILE.
GOING UP, JAKE! ACE! BE READY TO BLAST THIS THING WHEN I BREAK THE SURFACE
JUST STAY OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE PARTNER.
SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR LATEST THREAT, TERROR!
FWOOOM
TARNATION! THIS ONE WAS A FAKE TOO!

SOMETHING'S GOING ON, CRYSTAL. NONE OF TERROR'S ROCKETS WERE A REAL THREAT. IT'S ALMOST AS IF IT WAS A PLAN TO GET US OUT OF THE WAY.
IT LOOKS THAT WAY, MAX. TERROR'S JUST BROADCAST AGAIN, ANNOUNCING THAT THE TIME IS ALMOST UP AND HE KNOWS YOU THREE CAN'T STOP HIM.
THE PRESIDENT OF THE WORLD COUNCIL IS READY TO SURRENDER
JUST ONCE I'D LIKE TO GET HOLD OF THAT GUY--
HOLD IT! CRYSTAL--BRING US HOME--FAST!
BEAMING YOU TO SKYVAULT.
MAX, WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
PLAYING A HUNCH, JAKE ABOUT THE ONLY CHANCE WE HAVE NOW!
DROP EVERYTHING, DOCTORS. YOUR PATIENT IS CHECKING OUT.
WHAT--
STOP, RAY! YOU'LL KILL HIM!
20

THAT DIRTY WATER MUDDY UP YOUR THINKING, MAX? WHAT'RE YOU DOING-?
TELL CRYSTAL TO GET READY TO BEAM ME OUT.
BEAM YOU OUT WHERE, MAX?
AS FAR INTO SPACE AS THE TRANSPORTER WILL GO.
MAX-- YOU'LL NEED A SPACESUIT.
NO TIME. DO IT!
BUT... IT'S SUICIDE!
THREE SECONDS AFTER YOU BEAM ME OUT--BRING ME BACK!
THERE'S GOT TO BE ANOTHER WAY, PAL. PUT AN EXOFRAME SUIT ON THE ESKIMO SO WE CAN JUST TRANSPORT HIM!
NOT ENOUGH TIME. TERROR'S COUNTDOWN IS JUST ABOUT TO ZERO.
THEN LET ME...
NOW, CRYSTAL! RIGHT NOW!
21


TIME--0:00:00
TIME--0:00:01
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TIME--0:00:03
WRAP YOURSELF UP IN THESE, PAL.
AND THEN YOU CAN TELL US WHAT THAT WAS ALL ABOUT.
BRRRRR. IT'S COLD OUT THERE!
I WAS FOILING TERROR'S PLAN. HE WAS GOING TO BLOW UP SKYVAULT TO CREATE THE ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE!
AND HE PLANNED TO USE THAT ESKIMO-CYBORG AS THE DETONATOR. WHAT A SNEAKY SON-OF-A-GUN!
EXCEPT IT WASN'T A REAL CYBORG.
JUST ANOTHER ROBOT, LIKE THE FAKE MACKER THAT JAKE FOUGHT.
TERROR FIGURED OUR SCIENTISTS WOULDN'T DISCOVER THAT IN AN HOUR. AND BY KEEPING US BUSY CHASING THE MISSILES, HE THOUGHT WE WOULDN'T CATCH ON EITHER.
BUT YOU DID, MAX--AND JUST IN TIME. ☺ KISS E
HEY--HOW COME HE GETS A KISS AND I NEVER DO?
YOU'LL LOSE NEXT TIME, CENTURIONS. YOUR LUCK CANNOT LAST FOREVER AND THEN I SHALL RULE THE EARTH!
THE END... FOR NOW

DC Comics Inc.
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103

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Welcome to the future!

Pretty exciting stuff, huh? And that's just the way it's going to stay in this CENTURIONS mini-series. I'd strongly suggest that you buckle yourselves down, because from here on the name of the game is *action!*

It all began a couple of months ago when Editor-in-Chief Dick Giordano asked me if I would be interested in editing a book based on an upcoming animation adventure series. When he showed me the series' advance promotional material, it was pretty obvious that Dick was really excited about this particular project. Well, I took one look at the material myself and before I knew it I was bouncing off of the walls from excitement too!

In selecting this book's creative team, I went right to the people whom I knew would turn CENTURIONS into a blockbuster.

Bob Rozakis, our series writer, also doubles as DC Comics Production Manager. I was familiar with Bob's writing style, and particularly admired his recent work on the critically acclaimed 'MAZING MAN. When I discussed the concept of the series with him, he enthusiastically began to throw off tons of ideas. I instantly knew that I had the right man for the job. Bob also moonlights as the DC Bullets' softball coach where he gets particularly warped amusement out of watching me drop the ball.

Our art team is composed of Don Heck and Al Vey. I don't even know where to begin to chronicle the achievements of someone like Don. Besides being one of the nicest guys you'd ever want to meet, he is, quite simply, an industry giant. He's drawn just about every character there is to draw and he always turns in a superior job. When I received his pencils for this, our premiere issue, I just sat at my desk stunned by the caliber of workmanship that he had put into this project. He truly is a talent to be reckoned with. Our inker is a young man by the name of Al Vey who comes to us care of Jerry Ordway's studio. I first became acquainted with Al back when we worked together on an issue of the OUTSIDERS. Later, when I saw the results of his follow-up work for DETECTIVE 572, I realized that Al had the adaptable qualities I would need for a book like CENTURIONS. I quickly signed him to our creative roster and sure enough, his spectacular inks on Don have been everything I'd hoped for and more. And if you think this book looks sensational, wait till you see what these guys have got in store for you in upcoming issues!

A final thanks go to Taft Merchandising Representative Judy Fireman for being one of the most cooperative individuals I have ever had the pleasure of working with. Judy's responsible for keeping us in line with the animated series and her patience with us is much appreciated.

But any comic book is only as good as its readership. Creative teams enjoy hearing input from the fans about their work and those of us working to make this series a hit are no different. While this book is scheduled to initially be a mini-series, you the reader could possibly turn it into an ongoing, monthly book by informing DC of your support. So please feel free to drop us a line and tell us your opinions. We'll be looking forward to printing and responding to your comments in an upcoming CENTURIONS letter column.

In the meantime, series writer Bob Rozakis and I recently risked life and limb in order to "borrow" a few old, but highly confidential files, from the Skyvault computer data banks. (We would've been caught, but I quickly and unselfishly threw myself at Crystal Kane to buy Bob some escape time.) So for this issue and next, sit right back and enjoy an informative, inside look at the exciting world of the Centurions!

—Jonathan

TOP SECRET

PRIORITY ONE-A CLASSIFICATION

CENTURIONS MEMORANDUM

To: Council of World Scientists
From: Crystal Kane

As per your request, I am submitting a short overview on the Centurions Weapons Systems. I hope that this brief analysis will allow you to understand the basic abilities of our proposed Centurion combat team. Please keep in mind that by Presidential order, I am altering the intended purposes of the Centurion power suits. While originally constructed for deep space exploration purposes, I will attempt to redesign the power suits for active combat duty.

EXOFRAMES

The core element to a functioning Centurion will be his Exoframe. This is a high tech power suit to be composed of a top secret, ultra light hybrid steel alloy. While wearing an Exoframe, a Centurion can enter a transportation beaming pod and be safely transmitted to specified coordinates. Specially fitted to an individual Centurion, it is my intention that each suit be designed to emphatically respond only to its proper wearer. These power suits will then have the ability to merge with a variety of Assault Weapons Systems for combat duties.

Please note that each Exoframe will be specifically designed for a particular wearer and it cannot be interchanged like a suit of clothes. It is the Exoframes themselves that will allow a Centurion to respond emphatically to his Weapons Systems. In fact, the combination of Exoframe and Assault Weapons Systems gives a higher degree of power than would be available to either separately. Generally speaking, think of the Exoframes as you might an artificial heart in that it is really an extension of the man or woman for whom it is designed.

ASSAULT WEAPONS SYSTEMS

Specialized for land, sea and air operations, these cybernetic Weapons Systems are to be beamed from Skyvault to the appropriate Centurion where they will then fuse onto the individual's Exoframe. They will respond automatically to the wearer and give the power of a thousand men.

I intend to store these Assault Weapons Systems in Skyvault within separate modules until they are summoned by a Centurion for combat purposes. When needed, I will beam the Weapons Systems to an exact coordinate via a matter transmission process currently in development. The Weapons Systems will then appear directly around the Centurion and quickly merge with his Exoframe. When functional, our transmitter should be able to pass these systems through any atmospheric condition or solid object. Transmission testing investigations are now being conducted to verify this theory.

Each Assault Weapons System will be specifically designed to meet a particular situation and perform a unique function. They are designed to be artificially intelligent and voice activated. Thus, a Centurion will be able to "talk" to his weapons giving him the mind-melding effect of a man-machine working together as a unit greater than the sum of their parts. At a mission's conclusion, the Weapons Systems are recalled to Skyvault by reversing the fusion process. Once they are beamed back, they will receive proper maintenance and storage.

While our intentions are to make a Centurion virtually invincible in combat, I must stress to the Council that these Centurions will have vulnerabilities. Like any other tank or aircraft that we might send into battle, each Centurion is still at risk against superior firepower or when significantly outnumbered. It is therefore an imperative that we choose only those of an extreme intelligence, ingenuity and talent of improvisation for our initial Centurions. Quite simply, the armor will only be as good as the men controlling it.

Another potential vulnerability lies in our choice to use computer Wrist-Coms as a method to communicate with Skyvault. These Wrist-Coms can be either lost or damaged, thereby giving master control inaccurate coordinates of the Centurions themselves. Without an ability to properly track and locate the Centurions, Skyvault operations will be unable to transmit the Weapons Systems.

I hope that this overview has been of help in providing the Council with the basic information it requested. As per a Presidential request, I will quickly modify the power suits for immediate proposed defensive duties against Doc Terror and his subversive activities.

Crystal Kane